# UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT, CHESNUT STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1844. WHOLE NO. 1189.


## Original Poetry.

### THE DYING BOY TO HIS MOTHER.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

The dying boy upon his couch of pain,
Breathes forth his soul in words of earnest love,
To her who watched him—as the gentle dove
Watches her mate—and fain would soothe
The anguish of his heart, and bid him live.

"Mother! dear mother, do not mourn for me.
My heart is sad and fain would be at rest.
Oh! I am going home to the dear home,
And let each sorrow from thy mind be free.

"My heart, my mother, misses hers, and cold
I feel that heart, which I have known
Through all these years of suffering, as my own.
I feel his chilling breath upon my brow—
Press me still closer as day draws fast.

"Ah! it is hard to part from those we love!
To never all see dear and cherished ties,
Yet, when the feeble, crushing body dies,
'Tis bliss to know we shall not part above.

"Mother, my lamp of life but faintly burns—
My flickering pulse has almost ceased to beat,
What though my journey here has been so fleet?
Yet that shall not be counted loss.

"When I am dead, by my dear brother's side
Lay this frail form—there peaceful let it lie
Till the last trumpet's voice shall bid it rise
Where sickness cannot go—nor death divide

"When God shall summon thy meek soul away
My sister, too, shall follow—and then
And soothe thy dying pillow with my prayer,
And lead a band and witness to the skies.

"Then, mother, dearest, do not weep for me,
My weary soul would seek its resting rest—
Press me once more to thy heart, and kiss
And let each sorrow from thy kind heart flee.

"Mother, my lamp of life is flickering now—
My flickering pulse has almost ceased to beat,
Where my immortal spirit ne'er shall die—
Yet that shall not be counted loss."

"Mark! on my enraptured ear, now gently falls,
Sad strains of music, soothing to my soul;
Oh! 'tis my mother's voice, and sweet they are;
Yet, to my mind sought of this earth recalls.

"Angels of light and glory, lo! I come!
Free is my spirit—and I soar above a clay—
I drop this fragile body in the grave—
And soar triumphant to my Heavenly home!"

G. W. D.

## Original Tales.

### JASPAR FORBES.

#### A Reminiscence.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

Yes, I remember many touching incidents of life; many sorrowful, as well as joyous passages, in the histories of those who were my school fellows, and amongst them all not one more thrillingly interesting than the story of Jaspar Forbes. He was about four years my senior, and although tall, and gracefully made, had a gentle and delicate feminine beauty of form and feature. His brown hair lay with a smooth silky lustre, just as he combed it over his fine brow, and clung in soft curls and ringlets in rich bright curls, such as I never saw surpassed; and his full blue eyes had a depth of expression, a softness, in their liquid beauty, which, blent with a sorrowful expression, fixed the gaze of the most careless observer, and made it look again and again, ere coming up in after years in the train of pure and pensive memories. He was cheerful in his intercourse with us, and would laugh at the light of a lingering smile, yet ever and through all lived a sorrowful expression, softening to a melancholy angelic.

Jaspar had early drank the sup of sorrow, to the deep bitter dregs. His memory retained enought of his father to make the parting sad scene; and that with its haggardness, its groans, its tears, and frantic prayers, was ever present with him, during the years of childhood, which should be careless and full of joy. He would sit for hours gazing upon his stricken mother, with an expression of countenance painful for the heart to read, for it was plain that the mourning child was dwelling with dread and agony of spirit on the possibility of being forced to stand by her death bed, also. At length he would start from his stool, throw his little arms around her, and baiting his face on her bosom, give way to passionate weeping. Then would she, who read his heart, lean her cheek on his silken hair, and mingle tears with his, while she sought by every means to divert and soothe his mind. She felt that she was dying, and that he only who loved her tenderly, knew it instinctively.

At length she was laid upon her bed. He saw it, and I did not see because I was in the room entering her chamber, although his pallid face was seen frequently at the door. At length she was left alone, and then he hurried to her bedside. Clasping one hand over her neck, he nestled his face on her pillow, and asked in plaintive and fearful accents, "Mother, will you die?"

She put her arm around him, and his little form was shaking with agony as she said, "I shall not die yet, my dear little boy."

"You will get well, then?" he gasped, in trembling interrogation.

"If it please God, I will," she answered.

"Oh, mother," he cried, "you do not expect to get well and go home, and will him to do so, speak. Mother, I will be buried with you; for how could I stay with no mother to love me."

The young mother clasped him in an agony of love and grief, "Sweet treasure of my heart," she murmured, "do not cry so bitterly. I trust I shall yet live many weeks, and sit with you again in the parlor."

He raised his head, looked gratefully toward heaven, and then put his lips to her's, as if he would seal his heart to her's forever. From that hour he seldom left her side, and whenever it was necessary, she sat with him in the parlor, but he knew as well as she did, that her lamp of life was going out. Gently and tenderly did she seek to prepare him for the parting, and he, child as he was, controlled the agony which he knew was painful to her.

"I shall be well in Heaven, Jaspar," she said, the day before she died, "I shall be well and happy there, and you will come to me in a few years, and then we shall never part again."

"I am glad that you are going to be well and happy, dear mother," he said, "but when I am alone, and sorrowful, and sick, oh! who will love me, then."

"God will love you," she said, "and he will cause good people to love you, and you must always think that I am happy in Heaven, waiting till you can reach me in glory. You see that I am weak and full of pains, now; you will not be sorry when I am in Heaven."

"If I could see you go to Heaven as you are now, mother, I would not be sorry, though I must stay here awhile, but to see you cold, stiff, and white, and put in the coffin, and—oh mother! mother!" and he dropt at her feet in the agony of his spirit.

As soon as she recovered, he went dreadfully, restraining his sobs until he gained the garden, when he gave way to weeping, and broken snatches of the prayers which she had taught to make herself supremely ridiculous."

"Ah, Rose," he said, "there is no rest in your heart that lets in upon your spirits the light of other worlds, for you are not an orphan. You have no beloved mother in Heaven to commune with your spirit."

"And do you think, Jaspar, that your mother's spirit speaks to you?"

"Do I think, sweet Rose! Oh! if you could know how sensibly I feel her presence, and what a balmy soothing it sheds upon my soul, you surely could not wish that I should doubt it. She is never so near to me when sorrow is at hand, and to day she is with me, and I know that it is to soothe my spirit under some impending evil, that she comes. I never feel so soft melancholy, almost a happiness, chastening your spirit down to the patient reception of some affective visitation!"

"I have felt a kind of foreboding of evil," she said, gaily, "but I never thought of it in the light in which you have placed it. In it certainly a very sweet concord, however. I wish I knew by what name to call my guardian angel, and then I would rather see my mother near me, bodily, than to feel her spiritual presence."

"Ah," he replied, "so would I. But when the beloved form is laid in the deep grave, then we have no consolation equal to the faith that the spirit is with us, and loves us still. And why should it not be so? Are not our spirits essences of love and beauty, and those left here when we are gone, will surely cherish the tabernacle, ought surely not to be separated when the one is disencumbered. I believe the spirit that loved will visit those that it left in existence of the spiritual, or every one's experience would be the same as mine."

"Then you believe," said Rose, with a thoughtfulness of expression uncommon to her bright face, "that spirits are permitted to know when their loved ones on earth? Do you think they are ever visible?"

"Only to the mind," he said. And then he went on in a low earnest tone, "I believe they do young, you will outlive me, and if you do not forbid it, I will make myself known to your spirit, so that you cannot doubt my spiritual presence."

"Do not talk of dying," she cried, "yet, if you do go first, I hope you will perform your promise."

"I certainly will," he said, "if I am permitted, which I do not doubt."

"I do not know when we shall meet again," Rose resumed, after a pause of some minutes "I go home to-morrow, and am soon to proceed to New York, where I shall spend the winter with my sister Walton."

"I know, I know," cried Jaspar, "that sorrow was at hand. I felt that we three should never sit together on this rock again—never be so much alone that we were as free, and bold forward, and laying his face in his hands, remained a long time silent, while the big tears fell silently between his fingers. Then, for the first time, Rose understood the nature of his feelings towards her, and the red blood burst to her cheeks, and glowed over forehead, neck and bosom.

"Oh! I see a cloister of white flowers yonder," I cried, "and I must hasten to gather them, are the last I shall see this fall." And so I bounded away, leaving them, unembarrassed by my presence.

Half an hour after I returned to the rock Jaspar was not there, and Rose sat weeping in the deep and abandonment of grief.

"What has become of Jaspar," I asked, wonderingly.

"Oh! I have broken his heart," she said, passionately, "but I could not help it. I could not promise to be his, and we both so young, so very prompt to the world, and I so very soon home! I did not speak unkindly to him, indeed, I love him as a dear brother, but he would be more comforted; and I shall never be happy again."

That night she lay restless and sobbing between me, and the next morning she left us with a sorrowful farewell. After three weeks I received a letter from her, written in New York, and I shall not which was sending to comfort me happiness, so powerful was the dread of what a balmy soothing it sheds upon my soul, that I should never be so much alone that we were as free, and bold forward, and laying his face in his hands, remained a long time silent, while the big tears fell silently between his fingers. Then, for the first time, Rose understood the nature of his feelings towards her, and the red blood burst to her cheeks, and glowed over forehead, neck and bosom.

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"I will do so, dear sister," I said, and I obeyed to him, and he invariably returned them on the day after he took them. At length Jaspar's letter came. I was waiting to receive it, and he knew I had received it, and would not be refused.

The letter was mostly an animated description of a New Year's Ball, which she had attended, and whose she had been the reigning belle. She described herself with apparent satisfaction on the very particular homage, and attention of a Mr. Millard, a gentleman of fine talents, and noteworthy for the powerful effect of this on his sensitive mind, and yet as I know that she did not love him, I felt that he was a fool to be gloried in. But as the rest of the letter was returned, not by Jaspar, but with the intelligence that he was ill. Ah! well I understood the cause of his illness, and I felt then a presentiment that his doom had gone forth. A week passed away, and I was told that he grew worse. I called upon him, and was astonished at the change that had passed upon him. He seemed pleased to see me, and from that time I called frequently, but as he never asked for Rose, I still forebore to name her to him. Spring came, but still she remained away, and Jaspar grew more ill. Then was I mid summer when a letter came announcing her engagement with Mr. Millard.

That night I went to Jaspar's bedside, he started suddenly, as if from sleep, and said, earnestly, "Tell Rose, when you reply to her letter, that Jaspar, who loves her as no other can love, wishes her all joy, and would congratulate her, but that his broken heart has long been cold and motionless in the grave. Tell her, and I thank you for your kindness, but I have seen and felt it all. Poor Rose, she is gone, but her dream of happiness may be brief as mine. I was very happy in her presence, and the light of that presence pervaded with glowing memories of her words, her smiles, her tones of music, was with me day and night when she was away. I forget my orphanage, and all sorrow in the happiness of loving her. I did not once think that I could be less dear to her; I forgot all else in the bliss of loving. But that day on the rock, when she said she would go to New York, the shaft of fate transfixed my heart. I opened there before her the casket of my soul, and there she crushed them all. All my treasures, the delicate buds that had grown in my secret soul, she broke them all. I strove to repress my emotions, and I felt my heart as it were swelling with the restrained tide, until a gush within my side, accompanied by a pang of agony, told that some chord of life was broken. Since then I have wasted away; no power could resume the broken filament. But that hour I have been dying. Do not deem me a suicide. I have not willfully nursed a hopeless passion, to consume me; but the flame is in the body, through it came of mental anguish. I thank the Lord I am ready and willing to die. If Rose would give me her heart and hand, I would not even, for her sake, forego longer the perfect happiness of Heaven. I have fortified a firm trust in the departed I never round the loved on earth, but now I feel that no earthly love can possibly win the happy spirit from the presence of the God, who is Love, Light, and Happiness. I have loved Rose as few have loved. My love was a devotion of my whole being, and the keenest agony with which I felt her rejection of my fervent offering, can never be painted in words. My heart had gathered all the beautiful and bright treasures of earth, and woven them into a tissue around my heart, on which every gem was inwrought. Every bud, flower, and evergreen of heavenly bliss that trembled on her lips, while the Angel Death set his seal upon her forehead. Then passed away two of the dearest friends of my young heart, and their memory is bless, compared with the emotions that swell my heart for some who still remain: who have been favored by love and fortune, and whose hearts have grown callous in the rugged ways of life. And many a time, as I have felt the pressure of the chorus along my pulse, have Jaspar's words come back to me so forcibly, that I almost thought I heard his soft plaintive voice repeat—" You may live to wish it had been your lot to pass away in the morning of life."

## Original Poem.

### THE DEATH OF SCOTT AND BYRON.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

I.

Death has been busy with the great, he dare
Not pass them by, for they are famed
On the bright land of song; we see depart
The jewels that our country's forehead wears.
Tell ye the mighty one is gone, and
And half her brightest eyes are full of tears.
The hand we loved is broken, and the few
That linger still, are passing like the dew.

II.

The shadow rests on Greenville Mellen's brow.
And Willis Gaylord Clark has past away.
Sweet Lucy Hooper's harp is silent now.
Fanny* has laid hers in his kindred clay.
Ashmun, our lawyer, has gone home to rest
In the far Heaven that was his brightest ray.
And Neale a stranger at poor Brainard's tomb.
To call our flowers, and fall a sere leaves.

III.

Holborow's themes are sung where angels sing.
O'er Leggett, Sands, and Drake, fresh flowers spring—
Is the sweet friendship's that are while they were
To Wadsworth's songs departed memories cling.
The bucket at the well a running eye—
With fresh affections—and amid the land.
Gardner is called by an unkindly hand

IV.

He far across the sea the requiem swells.
Of his fellow sojourners, by the lapse of time
There is a waiting in old Bromfield's aisle.
There is a murmur in the Grecian cloister.
And the wailing of their hearts is heard.
For years has saddened the dark soul of crime.
Around for Scott yet keeps a mingled hearts.
And Greece's love for Byron ne'er departs.

V.

For Scott was Scotia's love, his kindly heart.
And the rich legacy of how he gave her—
In high Waverley and the other score healed.
While ours shall hold the beautiful in fame.
That ne'er shall cease to bind the tones of art
And love's devotion to the mighty one her;
And desire, sadly did the shadow fall—
That hid the Minstrel 'neath the Abbey wall

VI.

They had that he was dead; it was a blow
To every tone who owned him, the Minstrel's child.
From plodded herdsman on the border bower.
To the high monarch of the land, who bent
The ploughman ceased to whistle at his plough.
The cotter shaded in sadness when he smiled
Men knew that they had departed—and the maid
Men turned in sadness o'er his grave to tread

VII.

There was a funeral train from Abbotsford
Horse sadly with dark heater and waving plume.
There was the fathers and he mother's tear.
Bear to his saddle bow with final gloom
The sons of Scotia's noble race bent—
To mind us of the parted gift

VIII.

The stranger's heart, the stranger's tongue—
Were words of kindness in our need.
His gold gave not alone rung.
Not valor's bolder, but valor's need.
And when by Greece's altars he fell—
The stranger's voice was noble blood

IX.

They bore his dust to other climes.
They laid him with a colder turf—
Save only in the distant times
A friend his memory shall trace.
They might have left him sleeping here—
With every downdrop in a tear.

X.

The stranger's step is hushed and still.
The stranger's ball is cold and lone.
And shadowy the cantors hill—
Are laid upon his burial stone
Our spirits by his side shall stand
Till time is dead—a spirit land

XI.

Rest the dead sleepers, be the harps more strong
With human hopes and fears, be once again
Swept where the golden reels with stars are hung.
Where the bright angels tune their lyres
Sweet be the responses o'er the singing song
While we, the mortals fade like summer rain.
Rest the lost minstrel, loved by all mankind,
And Heaven will be given the truest meed.

## Original Sketch.

### THE PORTRAIT.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

BY E. F. WELD.

A cheerful wood fire burnt on the hearth, imparting a ruddy glare to the brass fire set, lending a genial air to the room, and covering the walls with flickering and varying shadows. So bright was its blaze that the lighted candles were eclipsed.

Within every thing spoke of comfort, without raged a tempest. The driving sleet pattered on the casements, while the rude blast, as it momentarily subsiding, sighed through the leafless trees that stood near the cottage, and again with redoubled force shrieked in the fury. Through the day and night preceding the evening which we speak, had the storm continued, and cold and bleak was the appearance out "old-fashioned" snow storm in a bleak New England town, can paint from imagination and memory the gloom of nature.

Upon one side of the fire-place sat the ladies' work of a beautiful girl in the person of a care worn and great subdued matron. Her daughter seated opposite bore a striking resemblance to her mother, and forcibly reminded you of what the mother must once have been. A laughing curly headed boy completed the circle, and though his features bore another stamp, if appealed to you would luminize were you could pronounce either the handsomer.

"Charles turn your face a little more from the light," said the mother. "Jane stand by me a moment. Now smile again, my boy." The mother's eye in rapid succession turned from the smiling lad to the portrait of his father which hung over the wall, and again from the canvass to the living resemblance of one long since departed. Tears dimmed the widow's eyes—the affectionate daughter threw her arms around her mother's neck seeking by endearment to soothe her grief, while the boy seated himself at her feet and clasping her hand wept because she sorrowed.

She was a mariner's widow; her husband perished in a winter's gale upon the coast within a few miles of his home. Sealed as now upon a similar evening the young and happy wife held him in her arms for the last time in infant, in her arms; the daughter introduced as a young lady was then a playful child, as she gazed upon her babe's face she clasped in anticipation upon her husband's return. What would he say upon being presented with a pretty boy, —this very image born in his absence? Filled with fond hopes as a mother; and with happy feelings as a wife, she learnt she was a widow! Stretched upon a bed of sickness, wrecked in mind and body she asked not for life, but rather looked upon the approach of death as a welcome event. The gurgling grief was brought to the bed side, and her smiling babe laid in her arms. The mother's feelings were awakened, and she declared as she thought of her child then, denied a mother's presence and a mother's care. With a renewed desire for her babe's sake, she lived, and like the bruised reed though bowed down she lived on.

The daughter was now seated by her mother's side, and the boy still remained at his feet. Her mother's eye turned from the daughter to the boy, and again to the closed door expressing his discontent by plaintive and incessant barking.

"Why, Carrie, what's the matter?" said the girl, patting her playmate in romping days—Carrie wagged his tail but barked the louder. "Well we will see," and she moved toward the door. The sagacious dog was already there, and raised himself as though he would essay to open it himself. Though out of doors he did not leave the step but continued to bark and whine the more. Master Charley had deemed his bat and joined the dog, who now trotted off through the drifted snow.

Jane had become as impatient as Carrie, as she looked from the window and called to the master. She could not see her brother, but the dog came running back, and jumping up, rubbing his nose against her hand and frisking about as much as to say, "Come, come, make haste!" Jane stamped again, and the next moment she saw her brother. Behind him was a stranger. Their acquaintance there was brilliant and rapid: but they soon forgot their old father, and drew together same they exchanged for the pampered luxuries of the court and town.

"Well done old Carrie, why you have as much intelligence and kindness as many reasonable persons," said the widow, patting the dog on the head.

"God's blessing on him, madam, for if he had not come athwart me and stood plain I should have passed and gone to the house, the telegraph for relief, and hang out a signal of distress equal to a wreck master—but excuse me, I am forgetful, I am a stranger, and a sailor, penniless and hungry, and would beg you for food and shelter."

"You are welcome," said the widow, "but excuse my absence."

Jane drawing a chair to the fire for the sailor as he was seated, then followed her mother out of the room. However, she soon returned and busied herself in preparing a supper for the way worn sailor. She was seated at ease and warmed through had fallen asleep. Carrie sat on the hearth stone and bestowed glances of approval upon the new comings, she had first face immense silver bears representing relief, and objects from the Old Testament and lastly, figures half the size of life, copied from the antique and of admirable execution. As long as only the coarser produce of the farm were put up to the lumbers, the goldsmith remained in his shop and quiet at the back part of shop, but when the names of his more exquisite articles of costly began to be called out, when the crates' voices commenced their comments upon the delicate knickknacks, the taste and beauty of the works that had given so great and wide-spread a reputation, he could no longer control himself, but suddenly started up, and began, as if under the influence of some invisible power, to lower around the pieces that were about to be sold, like the mother around the bed of her dying child.

The crier set up, "six small statues, gold and silver, after the antique."

"A thousand golden thanks," said a voice. "The thousand and fifty," said another.

One thousand one hundred," resumed the first speaker.

No one dared advance on the bid and the statues were knocked down.

The old goldsmith scarcely breathed, his features were blanched almost to the color of his venerable locks, and his eyes were turned upon through every limb. Nevertheless, he perceived that the remaining class in which was noted down the purchasers. When all was said, the old man gazed about him with an indescribable feeling of anxiety. The dreaded moment at length arrived, when the highest bidder was to take possession of the treasures that had grown old in company with the goldsmith, which in his eyes were the true pensives of his home, and which formed, so to say, a part of his very being.

Let the highest bidders for the last twenty-three articles, step forward," said the registrar.

"Here," said the first named in the same accent who had bid the conversation upon the former occasion.

"Your name?" said the stranger.

"Charles Frayle Jr" she cried. "The same name stands upon the urn, only it reads Arthur Frayle, R. N."

"The same, my girl."

"Yes then know my father!"

"Yes, I do," said he, "I was in the British Navy, and stationed off the Irish coast. My wife and daughter embarked in London for France, and while they were under land, a gale blew that the vessel was wrecked, many lives were lost, but my wife and daughter were preserved among others by your father's daring."

Years had passed away: from the small cot the widow came out and entered a commodious one. The fire burned as bright, the inmates were the same as to the commencement of our tale, but Carrie was the occupant of each other. Carrie lay stretched upon a rug in front of the grate, a massive gold collar shone on his neck, while a young gentleman attracted himself by placing his foot upon his tail.

"Come, Mr. Charles, as you may thank Carrie for your education and profession please to find some other way to express your gratitude," said the sister.

Hey-day! Miss Jen-ny, do you kiss him pray, as I believe that's the way the ladies pay their debts?"

"I never was guilty of repudiation, was I, Carrie?" The dog emitted a feint but joyful bark in the negative; for old age forbade other demonstration of pleasure at her notice who had never slighted him.

"Oh, mother, let me take father's portrait to the artist's, for there could never be a better painting of me. I want a cameo cut from it."

"Never! Charles, shall that picture be moved —for if it had not been for that portrait Capt. Frayle says he should never have known your father's widow. No, there it shall hang beside that of Captain Frayle's while I live. To me they are company, and when you leave me alone I sit and look at them for hours. The one reminds me how grateful I should feel to Providence for such a husband. The other calls me not only of the captain's generosity, but that through the memory of your father's deeds we are amply provided for."

## Selected Sketch.

### THE ARTIST'S RETURN.

On a beautiful day in October, in the year 1490, a number of inquisitive people, citizens and strangers, stopped before one of the pillars of the Town-Hall of Nuremberg. The place was almost completely covered with a huge placard, which read as follows:

"Joseph Durer, goldsmith of this city, informs his fellow citizens, that the absence of al his sheep in the plain de l'Horloge, he will make a public sale of all the works of art of goldsmith's ware in his possession. The satisfactes is too long to be given here. The sale will commence at four o'clock, P. M."

"What!" suddenly exclaimed one of the persons assembled, as if struck by this announcement, and who by the cut and magnificence of his garments might be taken for some wealthy foreign nobleman. "What, is Durer, the rich goldsmith, gone to sell under the auction mar the wonderful productions of his art! By what misfortune is he reduced to so hard a necessity?"

Your worship is probably not aware," replied an artisan who stood by, "that Joseph Durer has suffered heavy losses of late in endeavoring to keep up the establishment of his son-in-law, formerly one of the first merchants of Lubeck. This son-in-law has absconded, leaving large debts behind him; and it is in order to meet this disaster, to save the honor of his grandchildren, and prevent them from a poor and spotless name, that the good man so new about to part with the treasures works that have been the pride and joy of his old age, and the long possession of which has made them as it were a most a part of his existence. Such noble and generous conduct is worthy of a knight-errant of Nuremberg, and excites a generous feeling in his behalf. But why should a distressing recollection intervene to disturb these tokens of universal approbation and sympathy?"

"Might I trouble you with the rudely dressed individual to the person who addressed him?" to explain the meaning of these last words?"

Willingly, your worship. know, then that Joseph Durer had three sons and an only daughter. His daughter he married, and to each portion to the Lubeck merchant who has just fled. His two eldest sons, in the art of enamelous sacrifices, were placed, the one in the court of the elector of Saxony, and the other at that of the grand-duke of Wurtemberg. Their advancement there was brilliant and rapid: but they soon forgot their old father, and every burgher name they exchanged for the pompous titles of count and baron."

And the third son, what became of him?"

"Albert Durer, the youngest of the family," said Albert, wanted to be an artist: but to this Joseph would not consent. You shall be a goldsmith like myself," said he, and he only begged to be furnished with pencils, canvas, and colors. These he gave him and kept at home, for I will support you only as long as you handle the pencil: and the business is now my own eyes."

And what happened then?" said the unknown.

It happened that one fine day (now several years ago,) poor Albert disappeared: and since then he has never been heard of more. Wherther he is living or dead, or gone to the grave, no one can tell."

But at this moment the clock struck four. The goldsmith's booth was opened, and a crowd of curious persons and wealthy traders in the public crates entered upon their duties with alacrity.

First were sold dishes, plates, jugs, and pitchers of silver, gilded vase, and gold. Then followed the more pompous exhibition of works of masterpieces of the goldsmith's art, among them were splendid tabernacles, with ivory, in infantile skill, gothic edifices and saracen chapels with delicate carvings and fine enamel. The finest lace immense silver bases representing the relief sculptured groups from the Old Testament and lastly, figures half the size of life, copied from the antique and of admirable execution. As long as only the coarser produce of the farm were put up to the lumbers, the goldsmith remained in his shop and quiet at the back part of shop, but when the names of his more exquisite articles of costly began to be called out, when the crates' voices commenced their comments upon the delicate knickknacks, the taste and beauty of the works that had given so great and wide-spread a reputation, he could no longer control himself, but suddenly started up, and began, as if under the influence of some invisible power, to lower around the pieces that were about to be sold, like the mother around the bed of her dying child.

The crier set up, "six small statues, gold and silver, after the antique."

"A thousand golden thanks," said a voice. "The thousand and fifty," said another.

One thousand one hundred," resumed the first speaker.

No one dared advance on the bid and the statues were knocked down.

The old goldsmith scarcely breathed, his features were blanched almost to the color of his venerable locks, and his eyes were turned upon through every limb. Nevertheless, he perceived that the remaining class in which was noted down the purchasers. When all was said, the old man gazed about him with an indescribable feeling of anxiety. The dreaded moment at length arrived, when the highest bidder was to take possession of the treasures that had grown old in company with the goldsmith, which in his eyes were the true pensives of his home, and which formed, so to say, a part of his very being.

Let the highest bidders for the last twenty-three articles, step forward," said the registrar.

"Here," said the first named in the same accent who had bid the conversation upon the former occasion.

"Your name?" said the stranger.

"Charles Frayle Jr" she cried. "The same name stands upon the urn, only it reads Arthur Frayle, R. N."

"The same, my girl."

"Yes then know my father!"

"Yes, I do," said he, "I was in the British Navy, and stationed off the Irish coast. My wife and daughter embarked in London for France, and while they were under land, a gale blew that the vessel was wrecked, many lives were lost, but my wife and daughter were preserved among others by your father's daring."

Years had passed away: from the small cot the widow came out and entered a commodious one. The fire burned as bright, the inmates were the same as to the commencement of our tale, but Carrie was the occupant of each other. Carrie lay stretched upon a rug in front of the grate, a massive gold collar shone on his neck, while a young gentleman attracted himself by placing his foot upon his tail.

"Come, Mr. Charles, as you may thank Carrie for your education and profession please to find some other way to express your gratitude," said the sister.

Hey-day! Miss Jen-ny, do you kiss him pray, as I believe that's the way the ladies pay their debts?"

"Never! Charles, shall that picture be moved —for if it had not been for that portrait Capt. Frayle says he should never have known your father's widow. No, there it shall hang beside that of Captain Frayle's while I live. To me they are company, and when you leave me alone I sit and look at them for hours. The one reminds me how grateful I should feel to Providence for such a husband. The other calls me not only of the captain's generosity, but that through the memory of your father's deeds we are amply provided for."

"Albert!" cried he, "my poor Albert! do I indeed behold and embrace those once more? Come to my arms again, my son; then hast thou then forgotten thy old father? Say that thou hatest him no longer."

"Hate you, Oh my father!" replied the young man, casting himself at his feet, "I must ask your forgiveness for having disobeyed you."

"How," exclaimed the old man, raising his son, "how could I refuse to pardon a fault that receives its pardon once more to life? Albert, thou art forgiven."

"Dear father, young people often deceive themselves as to the profession they ought to adopt, and their choice has often to answer but one trial to entitle it to respect. Your strictness was founded on considerations full of prudence, on the wise maxim that says, 'better be a good mechanic than a bad artist.' You were right, my father; and on my part, I also perceive was not wrong in saying as I did."

"Yes, yes, you did well, Albert!" suddenly added a voice which issued from the midst of the assemblage. It was no other than that of the celebrated Hasse Martin, who had given Albert, when a boy, his first lessons in painting, and had strongly urged him to adopt it as his profession. "Give thanks to heaven for your son's disobedience," said Hasse Martin, turning to Joseph Durer; "for without it you would have never known the secret of every art, and in all of them he surpasses the most renowned artists of Germany. He is not only a painter of the first order; he is also one of the most skilful of engravers, and is highly distinguished as an architect and engineer. The emperor Maximilian has made him ennoble both their persons, and he occupies himself alternately with the pencil and the graver. The republic of Venice desires to entrust him with the erection of a fortress in their territory, and the vanished soul Louis XII., the King of France, begs that he will come to Paris, to embellish several public structures in his capital. What say you to this master Joseph?"

"I say," exclaimed the goldsmith, again embracing his son, "I say that great intellect is always in order at a table where there is wit, and son Albert has this day proved that a good man and a man of genius are one."

## Agricultural.

### A GOOD ORCHARD.

Every farmer who is not in possession of a good orchard, should now set about planting one. The profit and convenience of an orchard are almost invaluable to the farmer—good fruit will always sell if he happens to have a surplus, and a plenty of fruit takes away the appetite for consuming flesh—this is a fact which cannot be too often repeated.

The him who has a good variety of land, and great variety of surface, I would advise for an orchard, a valley between hills if possible, so that the wash from the hill sides sometimes may always tend to the orchard—and the winds may be repelled, by the hills, from visiting the orchard too roughly.

There has been great diversity of opinion upon the distance of planting trees from each other—some have contended that the distance should be four rods, that the sun and air may have full influence every part—and every part of it—others have contended that a distance much less is better. My own experience and observation are in favor of closer planting, so that by the time the trees have got to their final size, the limbs of them shall mingle, and interlock each other, and the ground underneath will be perfectly shaded. Trees love a growing, will produce larger and finer fruit, and ground thus shaded, will not be likely to be sapped with the growth of grass or weeds nor parched or dried by the sun.

A young orchard should always be kept under cultivation—it will make an excellent potato field for many years, provided it is well manured, and when it has become so shady that potatoes will not grow, then keep it for a summer retreat for your hogs. The hogs will keep in good health on the poor apples that fall from the trees, and the worm that calculated on a resurrection in the form of a curculio finds nought but annihilation in the jaws of the swine. Therefore the result is, after a few years, fine fruit without wormy apples.

Although the last season was a very good one for fruit, yet there was not enough either in our State to supply the demand, and 15,000 barrels were brought down on the Western Railroad to supply the demand at Boston. We have raised good fruit, and can raise it as well as the farmers in New York. If our lands are not so good naturally, we can make them so artificially—and we too have railroads to transfer them off to our heart's content.

We never need fear raising too much fruit—for when such a contingency happens, by the aid of steam-boats we have the whole of the islands of the ocean, or across the Atlantic, where Yankee fruit is always cheerfully and well received.—*Yankee Whig.*

PELARGONIUM OR GERANIUM LEAVES A CURE FOR WORMS.—The leaves of the pelargonium are, as everybody knows, strongly scented, some smell of rose, others of lemon, apple, &c.—there are also other sorts, which, when bruised, have a disagreeable odor. All the varieties of this genus contain a large quantity of essential oil, which is usually fatty; these are several sorts which are cultivated in the open air in the south of France, and particularly at Nice, for the purpose of extracting this oil, which is sold to the perfumers. The leaves of all pelargoniums have also the property of quickly healing cuts, places where the skin has been rubbed off, and other cases of that kind. You take one leaf or more of the pelargonium, which you bruise upon a piece of linen; you then apply it to the sore place, and as soon as happens that one leaf is sufficient to heal the wound. It sticks closely to the surrounding skin, and helps to close the flesh, and heals the wound in a short time.

DOMESTIC YEAST.—Persons who are in the habit of making their own bread, can easily manufacture their own yeast by attending to the following directions. Boil one pound of good flour a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and a little salt, in two gallons of water for an hour; when milk-warm put it and cork it close, and it will be fit for use in twenty four hours. One pound of this yeast will make eighteen pounds of bread.

COW AND SHEEP PASTURES.—Cows and sheep should never be permitted to run in the same pasture, as the latter are done eating in the morning, they generally get their appetites appeased before the cows and other animals that share the pasture with them, are turned in, and usually destroy much more than they eat, is required to support them, as most animals refuse to eat where sheep have laid, or even trod.

THE LILAC.—That fragrant flower so common in the gardens of people of taste in every easily cultivated, and generally known to require much before our doors. And it lives to a great age. There is a lilac tree in Roxbury, England, which is about one hundred and twenty years old, and flowers every year. Its girth is nineteen inches, and its height about eighteen feet.

THE GUINEA HEN, or Pintado, was first introduced into Europe about three centuries ago. It is a native of Africa, and its flesh and variety of its habits are similar to those of the pheasant. It lays a great number of eggs, which are highly prized among the Romans. Its flesh was formerly in the first order.

### LABOR VS. MACHINERY.

The editor of the Rochester Democrat, who has seen in Birmingham, Eng., and in this country, the process of making pins, says

"As an instance of the marvellous advancement of skill when so brought to bear upon even one branch of the process, and that quite subordinate, the facility for executing the task of sticking the pins upon the sale paper may be noticed. It takes in England 60 females to stick in one day, by sunlight 80 packs, consisting of 302,400 pins—the same thing is performed here in the same time by one woman. Her sole assistance is to point them—a girl sits at a time—into a hopper, from whence they come out, all easily arranged upon their several papers! The mechanism, by which the labor of 79 persons is daily saved, yet remains a mystery to all but the inventor, and no person but the single one who attends to it, is, upon any pretext whatever, allowed to enter the room where it operates.

The machine for making nails is yet more wonderful. The coil of wire, and the coil of leathern straps, go into one part of the machine, the leather comes out, and the nails in the other extent. The teeth are cut off, bent, and put in their places, and the complete ca d leather comes out, the coldest, and the hardest piece the whole work, without any interference from the attendant, except to put it in motion and to stop it when the material is exhausted. It is truly a miraculous contrivance.

In the country machinery is a great benefit, with fair temporary disadvantage to a few; but in the dense population of England every Cantextured hopper would throw fifty more persons out of their daily bread,—persons too, who cannot, as here find other occupation for their industry.

☞ On Friday week an storm, belonging to Mr. John Sharpless, of Delaware county, Penn., while grazing in the field, were struck by lightning and instantly killed. The electric fluid first struck a pine-tree, which it shivered to pieces.


# United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 11, 1844.


### NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and Graham's Magazine for one year.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the same size.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new serials.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two serials.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and three copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

We are deeply pained to record the fact that since our last publication the County of Philadelphia has been the scene of a most horrible riot, which has ever occurred in this country; terrible, whether we consider the loss of life, the destruction of property, or the principle on which the laws were set at naught; the shameful indecision of our provisions for the preservation of the public peace, and the inadequacy for the future to which the kindling of a lasting feud between different classes gives rise.

In detailing the awful scenes of which we have endeavored to state facts as collected from the accounts given by all the newspapers, and in drawing from them the just inference, that a series of frightful outrages which will furnish a pregnant text for the enemies of republican institutions for all time to come. We are reporters state that it began in an altercation between two men named Fields and McLaughlin, both of whom a Protestant, the latter a Catholic, and both Irishmen. A third person interfered, and then another named Sales, a resident of Kensington. The third man, whose name is not given, drew a pistol, and fired, threatening to shoot any man who molested him. Babe were then collected, and challenged him to fire. He fired into the air, the scuffle, and in an instant the riot was general, discharges of fire arms became frequent, bludgeons, bricks and stones flew in all directions, and the contest became one of the most terrific that it is possible to conceive. Mr. Patrick Fox, the father a Catholic, and both Irishmen. A third person interfered, and then another named Sales, a resident of Kensington. The third man, whose name is not given, drew a pistol, and fired, threatening to shoot any man who molested him. Babe were then collected, and challenged him to fire. He fired into the air, the scuffle, and in an instant the riot was general, discharges of fire arms became frequent, bludgeons, bricks and stones flew in all directions, and the contest became one of the most terrific that it is possible to conceive. Mr. Patrick Fox, the father a Catholic, was wounded in the face, but not dangerously, by the discharge of the pistols, as mentioned above.

Another account of the commencement of the riot is that it grew out of the chastisement of some persons who disturbed the meeting by a noise, and that directly upon this shots were fired from the upper part of the Hibernia Hose House. By this volley, it is stated several persons in all directions, and a charge was made upon the Irishmen, who had collected in a body. Several guns were fired from among the Irishmen, and answered by platoons from the other side. It is stated that there could not have been less than one hundred discharges of fire arms during the hour and a half that the battle lasted. Most of the injury done by arms was done at the first fire from the Irishmen.

After a house or square, the Irish were driven way, the Native Americans pursued them, and several of the fugitives, finding themselves hotly pressed, darted into houses and up alleys in order to escape. Several of the houses into which they were seen to enter were attacked, and the doors and windows battered in. Those in Cadwalader street, below Master street, and one in the same street, above Master street, were battered in. The house in Master street, near Germantown road, the fronts of two houses were also much battered, and the windows and sashes shattered, and furniture broken up. The attack upon her house was made because one of the fugitives had been seen to run up the alley adjoining. The window in the upper story of the Hibernia Hose House were also shattered, and Master street, between Germantown road and Front street, was generally strewed with broken bricks and stones.

A rally was at length made, and the Irishmen were driven from the ground. Natives gave way after a struggle, and left the other party in possession of the ground at about six o'clock.

In the evening the attack was resumed, the Natives demolishing the windows of the houses, beating in doors, and driving the Irish from the terrour. The crowd then proceeded up Second street to Master, at the corner of which as a Roman Catholic School House. Some one here kindled at the corner of the street and the fence of the School House set on fire; about this time a report was circulated that the priest in the School House, a volley of musketry was fired from the houses opposite, and when the crowd had parted in front of the school house several were wounded; one young man named W Wright was taken up dead, a bullet having entered his left breast and passed out at the back. Another young man named Ramsey, living on Third street above Brown, was mortally wounded in the upper part of the body with a bullet.

No further violence occurred during the night. The fire fell to the ground, and the school and wounded on this day, so far as ascertained.

George Shaffer, apprentice to Christopher Donohue, residing on Front street, above Master, fell. He received a charge from a musket on the left breast.

Nathan Ramsey, blood maker, killed in the upper part of the body with a musket ball. He has left a wife and mother. He was shot in the front.

W. Wright, son of Archibald Wright, salt merchant, residing in Fourth street, near Tammany, was shot through the heart, and died instantly. He was not participating in the riot. He was in company with a friend, about sixty yards below the seminary, when he fell.

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The difficulty was beyond the reach of a civil posse.

### SECOND DAY.

The above are the most prominent reports, and strengthened by the carefully digested accounts of the morning papers was immense through out the day. A band of men were parading along the streets, bearing a tattered American ensign, and a placard over it "This is the flag that has been trampled in the dirt." Placards were also posted calling a mass meeting in the rear of the State House at half past 3 o'clock, and at 4 o'clock. Other placards were also posted, earnestly conjuring the Catholics to avoid all occasions of excitement, as when all other means failed, to remember and do nothing that may in any way exasperate.

At the time appointed the meeting of the Native Americans was organized by the appointment of J. R. Newbold, President and a number of Vice Presidents. Mr Newbold opened and addressed the meeting, in a strong argument against violence, and other speakers followed his example See John Perry submitted a series of resolutions, referring to the late insult in Kensington, urging the adoption of peaceable measures to secure the objects of the party; proposing that a collection be taken up among Native Americans for the benefit of the families of those who were killed or wounded during the riot of Monday night, with other resolutions declaratory of their principles, approving of the resolutions passed at the preceding held on Monday evening, at the Assembly Building, and proposing that this meeting should adjourn until Thursday next.

The last resolution was voted down, the meeting insisting on going to Kensington forthwith. The President before putting the motion, urged them to comport themselves, as peaceable citizens. It was put and carried by acclamation, and the crowd started away at once for the scene of the former riots.

A tremendous riot, lasting three days, has occurred since our last, in the District of Kensington, county of Philadelphia. The city of Philadelphia, as the capital of the State, and the earlier portions of this article were in preparation, the sound of military manœuvres filled the air, and a rumor with her honorable compeers, was braiding every description of exciting intelligence from the scene of the affray.

The difficulty originated on Friday evening last of last week, when a Native American Meeting, held on the open lot corner of Master and Second streets, was broken up by a mob of the Irish residents of that district. Another meeting was called for Monday last, at the same place, and a riot, most fearful in its consequences, and extent followed.

### FIRST DAY.

According to adjournment from Friday, a large meeting of Native Americans assembled at the corner of Master and Second street, Kensington, and was organized. The meeting was addressed by S. E. Kramer, and Gen. Smith, and I. C. Levin, Esq., editor of the Sun had just commenced a speech, when a storm of wind and rain came up, and the meeting adjourned to the shelter of the Market, corner of Second and Master streets. Whether or not this, it is stated that a large number of persons residents of the District had taken shelter in the Market, and that they allowed in quiet, lingness to give way to the Native American. The flag, however, was planted, and Mr. Levin commenced his speech.

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# United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1.25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to *Send* their letters addressed to us. The word "*from*" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please enclose their names with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued as early as the end of the current half year. Subscribers will be the only judge of the question of "value" if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes and Post Bank Notes received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and Post Offices.

Remittals must always state the Post Office *received from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new and liberal publishing arrangements.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and the Ladies' National Magazine.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Wilson.

MR. C. W. JAMES, of Hanover county, Penn., will receive subscriptions in Carroll and Harford counties, Maryland, and York county, Penn.

*Mr. J. Hemphill, of Pittsburgh, Penn., and Mr. J. M. Humphreys, of T. Dent and E. J. Jennings.*

JOHN SHERMAN, Oneida, New York.

HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL K. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-West, Louisiana and Florida excepted. *Mr. Lloyd Wheeler, William H. Weed, O. H. P. Stow, and Henry Post.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New Jersey.

WILLIAM M. PIERCE—office in Pennsylvania.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

W. H. and W. M. WHEELER, for Arkansas.

## THE BROOK KEDRON.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY THE LEYDEN BARD.

Flow on ye clear waters of sorrow and sadness,
The tears of the widow, the sighs of the child;
And let the soft voice of your murmuring gladness
Along thy curved course tell its pitiful tale.

The Cedar grows in the shade of the mighty Cone,
Which on thy green banks in such majesty grows;
Proclaiming to earth the same kind of weakness
To learn to endure the rude storm-driven flowers!

The sun as it glittered at mid-day in Heaven,
And commanded the earth to look up and obey,
Reflected the splendor of Solomon's Temple
Upon thy fair stream which moved languidly by!

Where beauty and grandeur in concert were shining
Arrested his lov'd harp from a proudest dream—
In sad breathing cadence, and rich flowing pathos
Were sent and the passion of Israel's dear stream!

When darkness prevailed the monarch's devotion,
And the weeping of Kedron was heard in the night,
Which heard'st the life of the Prince of Salvation"—
Lone Kedron, so now, slowly murmur'st along!

Now, when the light of a purer religion is shining
The KING OF THE JEWS is completely rout'
The blind received sight, and the lame were undevil'd—
The sick were made whole by the Saviour of Men!

Flow on ye clear waters, with quiet devotion,
The lovely hills echo, and bury your song;
The solitude reigning of the Mighty's dear stream
Awaits to receive you, and comfort your wrong!

That day is approaching when all shall be changed,
When pure shall triumph upon her proud foes:
And, entering the gates of the city—now broken,
Shall dwell with the exile where the brook Kedron flows!

* The Dead Sea.

## Notices of New Works.

THE UNIVERSAL LETTER WRITER. *New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.*—This is a neat little volume, professing to present models for all the ordinary occasions of life. We have devoted no small amusement hours running through its pages, and find entire confidence in the correctness of the models selected for. Fathers and mothers in town and daughters ruralizing, will find this a convenient and useful work. It is terse, complimentary, of course and not of coarse epistles. Letters of business, of friendship, of courtship, brides and bridegrooms, wedded life and single, tact, and fraud, tact and compliment, love and hatred, grave and gay, sad and merry to and proseal—every thing, in fact, is represented. We are inclined to suspect that the compiler must have copy one more than once himself, and carried away the models by some Gourand or other process, here to present them for the admiration of the public. We like the book. The introductory essay on letter writing is well worth every body's reading.

DOCTOR, *or, The Chief's Daughter. By Miss Porter, author of "Marriage," and the "Intercessor." Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.*—This is a novel, with a point of something which the southern of the youngest of us will pronounce worth reading, and which we who have reason to be interested in the subject, have read with the best novels ever written. The whole thesis of Miss Porter's book is worth reading, and the working out of the theme is most ingenious. We hope our publishers will give us more of the same sort, and not a repetition of twenty of years ago. With few exceptions they are infinitely better than two-thirds of the modern works of the minor novelists. Richmond Whig.

THE HOMELAND OF EMINENT. *By Mayor W. C. Harris. No 2. Taylor & Co.*—In our last we freely noticed the first number of this work and it strikes us now as it again, we feel that we can hardly too much commend it as an interesting work, to adapted for the Christian family, particularly embodies, the author's style is happy, and his representations are endowed as evidence. It is no more a compilation than a work of original research, and is vastly superior to the great mass of works. It will make the best reading for the family, and most valuable volume it may be had of Robinson & Peterson.

BUBBLE OF LOVE.—This is the title of an American Reprint of the Life of Lola Montez, published by Dick & the Mayor Library, and for sale by Zieber and by Robinson and Peterson. It contains the usual amount of matter in two hundred selections from poets, ancient and modern. Among the names of its contributors is the refutation of the great and lofty Milton, and the melancholy Cowper, and the genial Goldsmith, and the sweet Moore, and the pleasing Campbell, and the fanciful Hood, and the purely dangerous to human life Byron, and the moral Pope, and the poetic Shakspeare. In cases like these the presence of such names is not always enough to make the book valuable, and the calendar, and the career of the author, and the selections are exceedingly well made, and find our opinion that it is one of the most valuable publications of the day, and the embargoed, the selections from those who know much about the book are in accordance. It may be had at Robinson & Peterson.

MCCULLOCH'S GAZETTEER. *Part XII.* comes down to the article Lancaster, and is necessarily a very interesting one. The work has advanced in the public favor, and having on American accessories, or supplied with many valuable articles it is the most complete Gazetteer extant. It will be finished in eighteen parts, and may be had of the publishers, Robinson & Peterson, of Zieber & Co., and of Cowperthwaite & Co.

NEW BOOKS.—We have from Colon Hastier's Artistic, from Cowperthwaite, "Shanty the Blacksmith," from Lea & Blanchard, "Doctor," and "Marriage," from Zieber, No. 7 of Major Harris's Ethiopic, and from Barford, Cecilia Howard and The Lady at Home. Robinson & Peterson, Messrs. Carey & Hart, Messrs. Stavens—notice of which we are compelled to postpone.

CAMPBELL'S SEMI-MONTHLY. *Philadelphia: J. M. Campbell.*—The principle of this work is the publication of the work in a monument from a painting of the destruction of Babel. The subject is a favorable one, and the style of engraving, and the plate is a most capital one. The reading matter is selected and arranged with the Editor's usual good taste and judgment.

THE VELVET CUSHION. *By Rev. J. W. Cunningham. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.*—The plan of this little work is that the pulpit cushion of an English Church, whose existence and history are connected with the sacred mercy, describing its changes, etc. It is written in a way to please moderate churchmen—and to a literary point of view, a most valuable work.

GERMAN'S BOOK, *with Silliman's Notes, Part 2.*, has been received by Comperthwaite & Co., by Zieber & Co., and by Robinson & Peterson. It is of the character of this work at the late day once superfluous.

THE MEDICAL LIBRARY, for May, has been published by Messrs. Haswell, Barrington, and contains a selection of popular and fashionable matter. It furnishes a great deal of matter, at a very cheap price.

## Congressional.

WASHINGTON, Thursday, May 1st.—The Senate did not sit.

In the House of the Post Office Bill, from the Senate, was read a first and second time, [an abstract of this bill as it passed the Senate will be published in last week's paper.] Several reports from standing committees were read and referred. Bills and resolutions were also introduced, forwarded a stage or two, and the House then took up the Tariff in Committee of the Whole, Mr. Cobb speaking against the Protective policy.

FRIDAY, Friday, May 2d. The Senate remained in session but a short time, and adjourned to Monday.

In the House, Mr. J. R. Ingersoll gave notice of his intention to introduce bills of the following titles.

A bill to prevent the public execution of criminals under the laws of the United States.

A bill to confer jurisdiction in certain cases upon consuls of the United States, in controversies between American citizens.

A bill to facilitate the proof of marriage in cases of widows of officers and soldiers of the Revolution.

A bill to abolish custom-house oaths.

The Tariff Bill was then taken up in Committee of the Whole, and debated by Messrs. Chappell of Georgia and Murphy of New York, in favor of Mr. McKay's Bill, and Messrs. Stevenson, of Maine, and Brockwell, of Mass., against it.

WASHINGTON, Saturday, May 4.—The Senate did not sit.

In the House, Mr. Morris presented the Resolutions of the Legislature of Pennsylvania relative to the Tariff.

The Tariff Bill was then taken up in Committee of the Whole, and debated by Messrs. Bidlack and Bullington spoke in favor of the protective policy.

IN SENATE, Monday, May 6. Memorials were presented from Maryland, in favor of, and from Maine against the annexation of Texas; from Connecticut, Kentucky and Tennessee in favor of the present Tariff; from Illinois asking for the occupation of Rock Island, and from Massachusetts and Louisiana Legislature, relative to Fort Pinon. The Cumberland Road Bill was then taken up, debated to be read a third time. It appropriates one hundred thousand dollars in 1844, and three hundred dollars in Indiana and Illinois. The bill to regulate the pay of officers in the navy, commanding vessels was discussed at some length.

In the House, Mr. Adams moved an amendment to the Tariff Bill, in favor of Mr. Mckay's bill

## Selected Poetry.

### THE SOWER'S SONG.

The rain clouds hide the sun to-day;—
The winds delight in the delicate tune
That they pipe through the hollow reeds, to play
Through the tender leaves of June.
The wind is a mighty worker, and so I heed
The voice of the wind, and the work I do;
Scatter it wide o'er the waiting land
Where the seeds are ready for growing there;
For lo! it is their sowing time.
The blessed rain from heaven
And the winds that shouted as fresh and bold
Like the battle-cry of young life, are water cold,
Are murmuring more soft and low,
Like words through my heart's deep prayer which flow
For Him the blessed sowing time.

Scatter with even hand the seed,—
Hireling, sad, and restless, and sinner,—lone,—
From rose-tree nearest and fountain weed,
Or have open let our grace be shed,—
Hope! for the daylight will soon be gone;—
Hope! for the harvest time.
The blessed sowing, lily-bell seems to weep,
That the winds may blow cold again.
And now it is the waving time
The myriad sowing time,
And the seed has never known such patient toil
Will bring beauty and wealth, from the yielding soil,
And the tireless thought that through or cold
Bring beauty and wealth from the quickened seed.
For lo! it is the waving time
The autumn sowing time.

Harvest! beer has for your work is finished now,
And the shadows are growing long and gray
Home ward! with open and lofty brow,
For we wandered a late stray.
The wintry loneliness for us is hailed
Will be cosmos cloth and heaven,
And the seed we have sown with patient toil
Will bring beauty and wealth, from the yielding soil,
And the tireless thought that through or cold
Bring beauty and wealth from the quickened seed.
For lo! it is the waving time
The autumn sowing time.

*Harvest beer has, for your work is finished now.*

## Our Traveller.

### MUNICH.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

The only city that rivals Florence, Bologna and Rome, in Germany, is Munich. That she is she owes to King Lewis, of Bavaria, who is himself an artist, and a poet.

Munich built on a barren plateau, about 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, was, previous to the accession of the present king, an old nameless town with about 60,000 inhabitants. It numbers now over 120,000, with new streets, cathedrals, playhouses and other public buildings, that not only vie with those of the largest European Capitals; but vastly surpass them in splendor, magnificence and correct taste. There is no street in London or Paris that can boast of such a continuation of palaces as the "Ludwig street," in which every house is a capital piece, both according to the severest rules of architecture, in strict reference to the art. There is the vast new university building with three hundred lecture rooms in the most vigorous byzantine style. There is a line of palaces (dwelling houses) that would do credit to the best times of the Capital of the Medici, the public archives, the public library, all buildings of superior style and beautifully executed, the Arsenal, a long connected with a palace of the Royal Castle, by the side of which the Royal residence in St. James street, London, or even Buckingham Palace in Pimlico is a barn, the latter nothing but a respectable pile of stones, and many other buildings that would in other places be deemed palaces, had not many a church but a link in a long chain of architectural beauty.

The arcades are closed towards the street, but open and resting on columns toward the Royal garden, the walls being covered with beautiful frescoes painting representing episodes from German and Roman history, and some exquisite landscapes from Italy and Greece.

The old castle, which is one of the largest in Europe, has not much pretension to taste, as the interior is exceedingly rich, far exceeding the Imperial residence of Vienna and the Tuileries in Paris. The new palace, however, is erected in the most splendid Florentine style after the model of the Palazio Pitti in Florence.

Hundreds of thousands are spent upon the Fresco paintings in the different galleries and chambers, and the gallery of bronze statues, by Schwanthaler, is most unquestionably the greatest perfection of that art, now to be seen any where in Europe.

There is not in any European capital a building erected for the express purpose of containing a gallery of paintings, and whose architecture strictly corresponds to its design like the *Pinacothica* in Munich. The king has enriched this collection with many choice specimens of paintings from the most eminent masters which he has collected himself on his numerous tours. The German and Dutch masters are well represented, especially *Albrecht Durer* and *Rubens*.

The library, another magnificent palace contains upwards of 800,000 volumes. In some of them there are a great many duplicates. The number of single works does not, in all probability exceed half a million. There is, however, a great number of manuscripts, between twenty and thirty thousand which is very valuable, and which perhaps is only inferior to that of the Escurial in Spain.

The university numbers about 7,000 students, which is about the same number as that of Berlin; but the King of Bavaria being more parsimonious fond of the arts, the sciences are not in such a high state of cultivation as in Berlin, where, on the contrary, the arts are comparatively neglected.

The gallery of the Duke of *Leuchtenberg* is another beautiful collection of paintings, open like all the rest to the public. It is particularly rich in the Italian, French and Spanish schools. The *Cigptotheca* contains the most splendid collection of antiquities that may perhaps be found out of the capital of Europe. It is certainly far superior to all that is amassed in the British Museum or in the galleries of Paris or Versailles. The building is again a most magnificent yet chaste and rigorously tasteful marble palace. The floors of the different apartments are mosaic, worthy of the remains of art of the most admirable people on earth—the Athenians and Romans. Several most valuable specimens of Egyptian art are collected in the same hall.

The theatre in Munich is a most beautiful chaste building, and larger than either Covent Garden or Drury Lane. The machinery is the most perfect, and the building completely fire proof. Large engines supplied from constantly filled reservoirs may be turned on the fire proof vaults sending large bodies of water through different conduct pipes all over the establishment, and by a particular apparatus the scene of the last may be brought on the stage so as to put out the fire which may originate on the scene.

The wardrobe is strictly artistical, the principal tailor being an artist, and a gentleman thoroughly versed in archeological researches. The entrada of the theatre, lies lately been covered by Fresco paintings, and the architraves of the columns have also been painted, which produces rather a disagreeable effect to those who are not used to the imitation of the ancient Greek model. This has been done by order of the King, ever since the discovery made in Athens, that the ancient buildings of the Greeks were actually painted, and that the chitraves of the columns of their public building consisted with colored paste. Some of the professors go even so far as to assert that the ancient statues were also either painted or gilt; but this we should think was not the case, or we may be thankful that the *Venus de Medici* is not in Munich.

Another grand triumph of the people of Munich, is their re-discovery of the art of painting on glass, in which provided the colors will stand, which can only be tested by age, they have far surpassed the ancients. The new Byzantine Chapel lately built by the King, contains several windows of which one alone cost 100,000 florins ($40,000.)

But with all this refinement, the manners of the mass of the people are far from being polished. The universal habit of beer drinking renders them less sprightly than the rest of the Germans, especially on the Rhine, and it has been observed that most of the artists' living on Munich, are not Bavarians, but from other parts of Germany. The King himself, is the chief brewer of Bavaria—the Royal brewery in Munich retailing beer by the quart or pint at the rate of 12,000 *Eimer*, or about 96,000 quarts a day. The quantity of malt liquor consumed in Bavaria and in Munich especially, surpasses all conception—there being many a laborious person who will drink his ten to twenty quarts a day without seeming ill effect. The tariff of lunchery-luncheon, cart-toon, pertere, &c., is fixed by law at so much money and so much beer. Sometimes it is the wine or spirit dearth, sometimes the beer dearth, but the latter is the most frequent, and the privilege to continue his trade. Only during one month in the year (in the month of May) the Bavarian is allowed to brew stronger malt liquor; but they are subject to a fine of twenty dollars for selling it after the 1st of June. The consumption during the month of May, is consequently conducive to health. Drunkenness is exceedingly rare. The price of a quart of Bavarian beer has, for these past, never exceeded 11 cent a quart.

The artists in Munich are not very romantic, except at a distance of thirty or forty miles, when one approaches the Tyrolese Alps, where romance may be distinctly perceived from Munich. The Court of Munich is brilliant, and the King remarkably hospitable. His is constantly frequented by foreigners and women, plentifully introduced by Lord Erskine, the British minister, in Munich, and Lady Erskine—formerly Miss E*****, of Philadelphia.

## Our Scrap Book.

### THE STUFFED CAT.

An old Chiffonier (or rag packer) died in Paris in a state of most abject poverty. He had only relation was a niece, who lived as a servant with a green grocer. The girl always assisted her uncle as far as her means would permit. When she learned of his death, which took place suddenly, she was on the point of marriage with a journeyman baker, to whom she had been long attached. The nuptial day was fixed, but Sarette had not yet bought her wedding clothes. She hastened to tell the lover that the wedding must be deferred, she wanted the price of her bridal finery to lay her uncle decently in the grave. Her mistress ridiculed the idea, and exhorted her to make use of the trifle bequeathed by charity. Sarette refused. The consequence was a quarrel, in which the young woman left the place and her lover who called with her mistress. She hastened to the miserable garret where her uncle had expired, and by the sacrifice not only of her wedding attire, but nearly all her little store, she procured him a bed, and had the old man decently interred. Her poor task fulfilled, she sat down in her uncle's room weeping bitterly, when the master of her faithless lover, a young good-looking man entered.

"Ah, Sarette," said he, "I find you here your place !!" said he, "I am come to offer you one."

"Me !" said she, "you marry me?"

"I, sir! Yes are joking."

"No, faith. I want a wife, I'm sure I can't find a better."

"But every body will laugh at you for marrying a poor girl like me."

"Oh ! if that is your only objection, we shall soon get over that. Come to-morrow, my mother is prepared to receive you."

Sarette understood the ruse, but she wished to take with her a memorial of her deceased uncle, and it was at the foot of his bed she sat. The old man was so fond of the animal, that he had even ordered that ever dead should not separate them, for he had her stuffed and placed her on the corner of his bed.

As Sarette took down puss, she uttered an exclamation of surprise at finding her so heavy. Her curiosity induced her to look, and she could not feel a shower of gold. There was a thousand louis concealed in the body of the cat, and this sum, which the old miser had starved himself to amass, became the reward of the worthy girl and her disinterested lover.

### LOVE ON.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Love not, love not, ye hapless sons of earth
*Mrs. Norton*

Love on, love on, the soul must have a union,
The rudest breast must find some hallow'd spot,
The heart will fix its hold or spoil divine.
In him who dwells on earth, yet lawth not,
Love's energies are never at repose
Of holy brightness and unbounded length.
Love is the life and balm for hope and woe,
May star in beauty, but not touch an orbit;
Love on, love on, even though the best
We fondly build on proveth like the wind,
And even Hope's last pillar fails to stand,
Love on, love on, though all around be shrouded,
And show their blackest shadows all our days,
Who would not rather trust and be deceived,
Than live in cold distrust and die unloved?

Love on, love on, though we may live to see
The day that white skin or sterling shall be
Though dark and dense the gloom of death may lie,
Affection's spirit hath a power to free
The truest spirit that Heaven can give to her.
The sweetest prayer that Mercy can breathe
Is the blest thought that hath the soul to see
That love is stronger than the grave is deep.

Love on, love on, Creation breathes the words—
Type after type, and ever dwells record.
The strain is echoed by remember's chords;
All graduate human with the heavenly word.
As flowers keep springing, though their darling bloom
Is cold and forth for warmth to find repose,
So hearts, though wrung by tractors and the tomb,
Shall yet love on, and love on, and love on.

A WEALTHY BEDGAR AND HIS WILL.—Reginald Heber has been reduced to a ruinous state of pecuniary affairs in England, and many are the anecdotes introduced in the English journals of his poverty. The following is characteristic: We find a peculiar instance mentioned of a beggar who had a full and fair claim to the memory in the Parish Church where he most frequented and died at Rotherhithe. The career of this man is described as a most extraordinary one, and it grew to notice and fame from the circumstance of his strict economy. James Smith was a beggar of the old description, and although he advanced in years," says the London Inquirer, "he was one of the most active of his class. His custom lasted the hands of employers was found to be hundred and ten parishes, and his industry was proverbial in the neighborhood. Besides his property, the chief part for charitable purposes was left by two bequeathed and ten parishes had been forgotten, where he was kindly treated by almost all the inhabitants. The will was carefully executed from his will all parochial authorities, and other interest is created by the legacies neglected. To the parish of Rotherhithe, which was always a favorite resting-place of the, he has left property which produces £40 a year, and the interest of the money in three instances, to the poor of other parishes, and also in the Church, 120 louses, of the value of £6 each, are distributed among the poor every year of the parish, who thus prove to be a beggar's friend even better, but got nearer to better not to believe.

"Never mind," sez I, "gentlemen, we'll let that resolution over again," so when I got all straight again, I explained it to 'em and got 'em to agree and they could scarcely help addressing a banner, asked him if he had any more orders for me, "Yes," sez he, "one more." and the son of the West, "but I fear another peg shall—don't you want be long one." I'm sure."

A TALL ORE.—An old sailor told us the other day, that when he was in the Mediterranean, he was sailing the Atlantic, the rain poured down incessantly, and the water was up to the *There's no mistake, said he, because the Captain used to sit on the end of the vessel!*

☞ "It's hard proved an alibi by five witnesses," said a lawyer in a criminal Court lately. "You can't say it's hard," said the opposing counsel, "that you have proved a forgery by five witnesses."

☞ The last version we have seen of the classic motto, "Dost lug, or die," runs as follows:—"Dost drag, or die?" It is used by the Queen City quadruped, or salt-pooh the dog.

☞ A LEARNED WITNESS.—"Well, sir, and what did you see?" asked the lawyer. "Why, sir, last Christmas I seen a cock fight and a dog fight, and I discriminate to whom it belonged."

☞ In South Wales, a board was nailed upon a post, upon which was inscribed: "Here used to stand *an fist* under water the road a-cross the river." An eternal example of economy.

WILLIS SAYS:—"To him who is building a pyramid of poetical fame, the experience of the last few days is the big stone laid on his back and can-tiled till he is built up to it."

☞ A dandy fell in the fire the other day, and being asked to rise, he bowed and politely announced, "Awfully there happened to be no thing in."

☞ Why is a young woman like a due bill? Because she ought to be "settled off" as soon as she "comes to maturity."

☞ When does a man shave himself with silver? When he cuts his hair off with a shilling.

## The Georgia Major.

### MILITIA TRAINING.

BY MAJOR JONES.

FROM A VOLUME JUST PUBLISHED BY CAREY & HART.

TO MR. THOMPSON:—*Dear Sir*—Jest as I spected, only a thunderin sight worse! You have a brilliant muster in Pineville. Well, he is considered so by his friends, I reckon, as other folkes you never hearn of afore.

I come in town the nite afore with my regimentals in a bundle, so they couldn't be idled by rain and no one see'd me, I got my breeches on right out for the muster, I had a brand new pair of boots, made jest a purpose, with long tops to 'em, and I stuffed the tops full of the tallest kind of red feathers in it, a bit showed underneath, all painted of gold and buttons, and a pair of yeller trimbles of the finest kind. Well, when I went to get 'em on, I couldn't help but cuss all the tailors and bootmakers in Georgia. The first place, my breiches like to busted and wouldn't reach more'n half way to my pocket, then it took two surgeons and a pint of whiskey to get my coat on and my coat had tail enuff for a bed-quilt, and stood out behind like a fan-tail pidgin—it wouldn't hang nite no how you could pull it. I never was so plagued and riled in my life, when that was no time to fix things, for the militia were comin in in gangs and bands, and call for me to come out and take the command. I never seed so many officers afore in my life, and I was pledged to cap myself in uniformity to the law, if I was elected Major.

Well, finally I went to the door and told Bill Skinner and Tim Cullers to fix their companies, and then I went to the front to take my appearance. Then the fuss commenced. That warn't the nearest nor the last fuss I seed, I reckon that should form for his company, cause he longed to the nearest. That was the old militia captain along in a state gittin worse. I didn't know what to do, for they was all comin to me to know, and every officer and dignitary I couldn't hardly hear one from tother. Thanks to my own dear pearls and honey in marrin, Rosseby Bill Skinner took a stick and made a ring round him and in the ring he put all he claimed out, "Oh, yes! oh, yes!' all you as belongs to Gum-holler beat is to git in a state to be mustered in by the law's writer." I stuck for his beat, and the fellers began to string themselves along in a state gittin worse. I stuck a quarter of a cown they wer all settled like a flock of sheep in a barnyard, pretty considerable strait. After a while they sent word to me that they was all ready, and I had my horse leeched up to tother side of the tavern, but when I cum to git on him I found he didn't know me enuff, how, and began kickin and prancin, and cavortin about like mad. I made the niggers hold him till I got on, then I sez and the Cunnel sez, "Attention!" and I sez to my drummer to drum like blazes as soon as he seed me turn the corner, and I sez to the cunnel to salute. My sword kep catchin agin the sides of my boots and the hilt got twisted round, so I didn't know which end he stood on, and my hand kep agoin and agoin and agoin, and couldn't hardly hold on to him.

The nigger went and told the men what I said, and when I turned the corner I didn't cunnel I went in a canter, with my sash and regimentals flyin, and my sword in the air, and graceful as a corn tassel in a whirlwind; but out as I got to the corner there was a fence between and yearth was cumin together. Rallyin a little sword I made a charge, but the nigger blowed the fife rite out strate, till he went and turn out the corner, and then he got ready to salute. My sword kep catchin agin the sides of my boots and the hilt got twisted, so I didn't know which end he stood on, and my hand kep agoin and agoin and agoin, and couldn't hardly hold on to him.

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Now, sez, do be careful of my precious life, for the darlin' loves me as the apple of her eye, when she was growin' up. Oh, my Lord! then sez she, "Don't you go and git killed, for I'll be a widder and be carless. Now, sez she, be careful of my precious life, for the darlin' loves me as the apple of her eye, when she was growin' up. Oh, my Lord! then sez she, "Don't you go and git killed, for I'll be a widder and be carless.

Well, but you know sister Kit as so carless, I'm sure she'll be glad to see it scatter'd something, or git a fall some way.

Well, I'm sure, sez I, "they and no sense in being all the time scared to death for fear something will happen, for you can't help it no how because the trouble when it comes; and then you'll only be up. Take some of that good hot corn pone, sez I, "there's mighty nice.

He was all eatin along—the old woman was talkin bout her garden and the toast, and I was talkin bout the corn pone, and my mouth was full when I heard Keziah scream out "Oh, my Lord! then sez she! then she whisp'd round on one foot, and then she whisp'd round on the other foot, and then she stuck out her head and